Quilt

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Quilt

by sourweather

Summary

One word prompt: Quilt. Just a tiny scene about Will making a blanket for his daughter <3

Notes

I'm trying to boost my wpm and get better at not second-guessing myself during my drafting process, so I decided to take one word prompts from my Twitter followers, and I'll be trying to write little fics based on them in 30 minutes!

So yeah, I wrote this in a half hour based on the word "quilt". I instantly went to baby blanket hehe <3

thanks so much to my follower Fandomnerd2 for the prompt, and feel free to drop words in the comments of this fic if you'd like to give me ideas for another 30 minute warm up!

See the end of the work for more notes

Will has always been a tactile person. To have his mind occupied is nice enough, for a while, but he really thrives when he's got something to do with his hands.

And fiber arts aren't that different from fly tying, once you get a feel for it. The meditative part is the same, anyway. The eased, idle state that Will can access just by passing needle and thread through fabric again, again, again.

Hannibal offered to buy him a sewing machine, when Will first expressed an interest in the hobby. Maybe someday he'll take him up on the idea, when a certain project necessitates it. This, though, he wants done with hands alone. Hands and heart.

It's a labor of love, this quilt. He was dreadful at it, to begin with. He still wouldn't call himself skilled by any means. The stitches are crooked, the squares of fabric are mostly boring, as-is tiles that he'd cut from large rolls, what little embellishments he'd attempted are crude and rough. Will tells himself that this is okay. That as the months pass, he can improve it. He'll be better at it, by then, able to make small improvements that cover his initial uncertainty.

Not that it's all that bad, as it stands. His experience with out tactile hobbies has carried over, it seems. Makes him steady-handed, patient. The material he's chosen for the backing is soft and gentle, it won't agitate fragile, delicate skin. It'll be warm, once it's stuffed. The color palate is nice so far, all pale yellows and soft oranges, an occasional hint of muted red. He's made a smattering of simple flowers, to be added later if the future holds what he's secretly hoping it will, petals cut from blushing pink cloths and layered in a way that he's actually quite proud of.

He smiles.

Idly, his fingers brush his stomach. The bump there is essentially nonexistent, only noticeable to someone who knows what to be looking for, or who knows Will's body very, very well. It won't be that way forever. Soon it will become apparent to strangers. Worse still, to enemies. Soon there will be stress, and fear, and Will and Hannibal will have much bigger things occupying their time than this silly, quarter-made blanket slowly taking shape beneath Will's hands.

But not now.

End Notes

thanks so much as always to arrnutsss and all of my wonderful Raindrops!!!

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!